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TRYING TO MAKE "A HIT."

The boy who is dancing a jig,
And the girl in the chorus who sings,
And the man who exhibits a pig
That was taught to do wonderful things,
May die disappointed, but still, in their hearts, they are hoping away
To make the great thing which they call
"A hit"—
Some day.

The poet who scribbles and sighs
And squanders his paper and ink,
Who cudgels his brain and who tries
To think and cause others to think,
May die disappointed, but still, in his heart, he is hoping away
To sing out a song that will make
"A hit"—
Some day.

The man who is daubing his paint
On the canvas no other shall buy—
The man who with hunger is faint,
But is never too hungry to try—
May die disappointed, but still, in his heart, he is hoping away
To lay on the lines that will make
"A hit"—
Some day.

The man who is waving his arms
Like a windmill churning the air
Has few of the orator's charms,
And thunders at seats that are bare!
He may die disappointed, but still, in his heart, he is hoping away
To deliver the words that will make
"A hit"—
Some day.

O let each go on with his part!
'Tis better a thousand should fall
Than that one should be taken from art
Through a critic's discouraging wail!
They may die disappointed, but where is the judge who has power to say
Which one of those trying shall ne'er
Make "a hit"—
Some day?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

MOTHER'S WELL DAY

By Fanny K. Johnson.

(From the Youth's Companion, by Permission.)

SHE USED to say that she had not known a well day since the Christmas Eve our old house burned down. I was a little thing, but I remember quite well the suddenness of the fire bursting out against the snowy night. Jimmy was two weeks old that day. I can see mother now as she lay raised on one elbow, telling father how to arrange our stockings. She insisted that one of Jimmy's tiny socks be hung up, too. Father had just fastened it, when a sheet of flame swept up in front of the window. Mother had to be taken three miles through the snowstorm, in an open spring wagon, to my grandmother's home, which was also the nearest place of refuge.

There she lay ill many weeks, and when she became better was so near an invalid that with one exception she had never a well day.

My childish eyes had seen her tall and strong and beautiful; but that image gradually faded from my mind as I became accustomed to a pale and languid mother, performing what seemed to her the most essential duties with visible effort.

She never rode on horseback, or went berrying or nutting with us again. She was always glad to lie on the lounge as long as possible, and as we girls grew older, gladly allowed us to attend to the housekeeping and sewing. At last she did not get up until very late, and then only to lie on the couch by the window, where she would mend a little, or read, or knit. We were only too happy to find her so willing to be nursed and petted. I tempted her appetite with dainties, and Elizabeth made her the softest and loveliest of dressing-gowns.

We refused to see that her brown hair became grayer, and her eyes more sunken. We agreed that all she had needed was to be taken care of, and have no worry. As for father, whenever he came in from the farm-work and found mother dressed in a certain soft, pinkish, ribbon-tied wrapper, you could see from his face that he thought she was getting well. And one April day, years ago, she did get well.

I was in the kitchen that morning preparing her breakfast. I had broken one new-laid egg over the pretty, golden round of toast, and had the other poised above, when the door opened. The egg slipped from my fingers. Mother stood smiling at me. She had put on one of the print dresses of her busier days, and a big linen apron. She came up and kissed me out of my bewilderment.

"I feel well, Narcissa!" she exclaimed. "Think of it! Well! I am going to help get breakfast. Don't you all want some of mother's biscuits?"

In a moment I was no more than any other little girl of 17. Mother was there. I put the toast and egg out of sight and waited on her. She was as excited as a child at first, but presently quieted down to serene enjoyment of her well day. I kept hugging her. It seemed too wonderful to be true. We were in a great glee together over the surprise we would give the rest of the family.

I carried breakfast in, and mother sat at the head of the table for the first time in years. A look of sweet satisfaction stole over her face as she glanced down the snowy board. The cream biscuits were flaky balls, deliciously brown. No one ever made biscuits like mother. With a smile, she touched the bell. Jimmy was the first to rush in. "Mamma!" he almost screamed, and then such hugging and kissing!

The next moment all the rest were joining in. Father was too happy to eat. He took my place and sat by mother, holding her hand as if he expected her to melt away.

After breakfast Elizabeth and I wanted her to lie down and rest, but she only laughed at us. Instead, she had us open all the shutters and let in the beautiful, fresh spring sunshine and air. Then she went from room to room, helping us put things to rights, and gently suggesting improvements here and there. We spent some time in Frank's room, planning new curtains and toilet covers, and mother lingered in the garret, sorting out herbs and exploring for garden seed.

When all was in order we went out into the sunshine itself, and mother looked over her flower-beds, and said what flowers she was going to have that summer. She showed us where she meant to plant the moonflower seeds, and how the rose-vines should be trained. The Easter lilies were in full bloom, and, with the yellow jonquils, bordered the path to the front gate. A little creek runs through one corner of our large yard, and the violets grew there like weeds that April, so blue, so big, so tall.

We sat down on a wide seat father had made under a group of weeping willows. Jimmy was on the ground, lying against mother's knee, and Elizabeth and I had our arms about her. She drew a deep breath of the heavenly air. There was a pretty color in her cheeks, and her eyes were clear. You only noticed the soft waves of her hair, not the gray in them. Elizabeth had thrown a blue knit thing around her shoulders, and Jimmy had filled her lap with the violets. Her eyes wandered over the green, flower-wreathed yard. They passed the tall row of maples lifting their flame-like buds in front of the porch, and rested on the window of the room that had held her prisoner for so long. The thin white curtains fluttered out like immense moth-wings striving to beat closer to the sun. She seemed to fall into a pleasant reverie, from which she roused presently and turned to look far across the land to the tremendous incurve of the mountain, then veiled in tremulous young foliage. Lower came the cleared lands and arable fields. Around one of these father and Frank were building a fence that day. We could see them as they worked.

"Papa ought to be here," said Elizabeth, "but he is always working."

"Ah, we are such poor people," said mother, smiling, "and I have been such a drag—such a good-for-nothing!"

"You're a good-for-everything!" cried Jimmy, indignantly, patting her hand as it rested against him.

Elizabeth and I said nothing. We just held her closer.

I had never noticed before how exactly Elizabeth looked like mother. Only younger, of course.

"Darling," I said, "why don't I look like you, too? It doesn't seem fair."

"Why, I had to have a father's girl," said mother, so sweetly that I was forever reconciled to my gray eyes and fair hair.

We sat there awhile longer, making plans for the summer and drinking in the fragrant air and flower perfume.

"I feel like a girl again," said mother, "so strong, so full of life! Everything is going to be different and better, girls—little boy. Mother has come back to you."

"But mother mustn't overdo herself on her first well day," said Elizabeth, as we went back to the house.

After our lunch-dinner had been eaten, father had to go to town on some business that could not be neglected, else I am sure he would have stayed by mother all the afternoon.

"No, you must go," she said to him. "I will not be a hindrance to you any more."

"But don't tire yourself!" pleaded father.

"I don't feel as if I could," laughed mother.

Such happiness leaped into father's eyes! "It is a miracle!" he cried.

After watching father ride away, mother kept Frank by her for a little talk. She let him go back to his fence-building reluctantly. "I want all of them right here," she said, "here, within reach of my arms."

She leaned her head on her hand. We feared lest she become sad while reflecting how we were not rich enough to let love keep us away from work. But our mother was never morbid. She soon turned to us brightly.

"Let us while away the lonesome time," she said. "I know my bureau drawers need arranging."

These bureau drawers had always been one of her absorbing pastimes, and we had always accounted it a privilege to be allowed to delve in them with her. Each drawer had its own charming hoard. Mother's tongue raced as she turned over the long-unhandled treasures. We chatted together like three schoolgirls. We knew about everything, from the tiny silver-bound prayer-book that had been great-grandmother's to the ruby earrings which were to be mine some day. But we liked so much to hear it all over again! We could not pile up high enough the proof that the mother of our childish days had come back to us. It seemed to us as if a rose long withered had been uplifted to dewiness and youth. We had read of such magic. We only remembered that the rose had been renewed. We forgot the end of the story.

"Now for the dress!" I cried, as we reached the bottom drawer.

This dress had been mother's one magnificent wedding gift. A college mate of father's who was in business in China had sent it to her the year after her marriage.

It was a very heavy, very soft, pure silk—a crepe. Merely to touch it sent royally rich images flying through one's brain. Just to look at it was enough to turn an impressionable person into a poet. One moment it was silver, with violet shadows and glimmering jewel green lights. The next, the most marvelous rosy glow spread like a sunrise flush until the whole dress was bathed in it exquisitely. Mother had made it with great daintiness and plainness, scorning to snip up the wonderful fabric into foolish puffs and ruffles. A little filmy fichu of real lace went with it. A beautiful woman would look as a queen should look in such a gown, and mother had been a beautiful woman. To us she was still beautiful. We carefully unfolded the dress from the tissue-paper and the silver paper, and we girls breathed a deep "Oh!"

"It's like sunrise and moonrise mixed up," said Elizabeth. Jimmy fell eagerly on mother's neck, kissing her and begging her to put it on. He was one of those children who fall in love with lovely things.

"Please do, mother," we urged, "it will delight father so! You haven't had the dress on since Jimmy was born."

"But I am old now," said mother. Her dear cheeks blushed.

"You are just as dear and sweet to look at as ever," I said.

Mother fell to musing over the lustrous folds. We felt that they meant all of her young married life to her—all of its beauty and richness and freedom from care. She smoothed the silk delicately.

"Your father loves it," she said, and then added, hesitatingly, "I believe I will wear it once more—for him."

That is how mother happened to be wearing the dress when father came in from his long ride. It threw a pink glow over her face, and she did not look fragile, just delicate and lovely, as she turned to greet him. He stood a moment in the door before he comprehended, and then I think they both forgot us. The tenderest look I ever saw shone in mother's eyes. She opened her arms, and father went eagerly forward, straight into that dear embrace.

"It is so beautiful to be well!" she said to him, putting her head on his breast, and drawing his down until their lips touched. They stood so long motionless that a vague misgiving awakened in my heart.

"Father!" I cried, nervously. Then at last he lifted his head so that we could see mother's face. We had never seen death before. We did not understand. We carried her to the lounge, crying out that she had fainted.

But father knew. "She died as I kissed her," he said.

It happened long ago. I am a grown woman now, with husband and children of my own. Elizabeth is married, too. She lives at the home place, with father and the boys, and I live not far away. The last time I stayed over there all night, we sat in mother's room and talked of her.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "it was terrible and sudden; but, O Narcissa, it was so sweet to die that way! It does not hurt me to remember that day. I would love for my husband and my children to have such a memory of me."

Father was out in the hall. We spoke low, but the door was ajar, and I think he heard. When we went into the sitting-room he was looking over some little faded photographs of mother that he carries always in his breast pocket in a small leather case. We both kissed him; but he clung to Elizabeth's hand, and kept her by him.—Youth's Companion.

"OLD TIMBER WOOD."

An Old Attorney Whose Love of Satire Often Got Him in Trouble with the Court.

In the days antedating railroads in northern Iowa, the days of saloons and circuit courts, a certain ponderous judge was for many years accompanied on his rounds by District Attorney Wood, popularly known as Old Timber Wood. He had been christened Timothy, the name was curtailed to Tim and by easy evolution developed into Timber, says Harper's Magazine.

Old Timber Wood was a unique and interesting character; rough but dignified, of sound intellect, gifted with a keen sense of humor and far surpassing in mental acumen his professional superior, whom, however, he usually treated before the world with an almost ostentatious deference. They were the warmest friends, the feeling between them was romantically tender, notwithstanding that they had frequent and violent public fallings out.

The judge, who was entirely lacking in personal dignity, really needed the support of his friend's deferential attitude to keep him in countenance, and when it was temporarily removed, Old Timber Wood's love of satire occasionally betraying him into sacrilege, known as "contempt of court," he was stung to fury and promptly punished the offense. Many a fine had the attorney been subjected to for his incautious witticims. Being in a constant state of impecuniosity, he invariably applied to the judge himself for money to pay these assessments, a favor which was never refused, the fact that he must humble himself to ask it sufficently restoring his honor's complacency. The judge was of a thirsty habit, and frequently left the bench, substituting Wood in his place as an old-time schoolmaster substituted one of the large boys when he wished to absent himself from the room, and stepped out to refresh himself at a neighboring saloon.

On one occasion, very shortly after a skirmish with the attorney, in which he had finally avenged his insulted dignity in the usual way, he abruptly called Wood to the bench and started down the aisle. Wood hastily slipped into his place and before he had reached the door rapped sharply on the desk and called out: "Gentlemen, before proceeding further with the case the court wishes to instruct the clerk to remit the fine lately imposed upon Attorney Wood."

The judge halted, wheeled about with a very red face and opened his lips to protest, but the bar and jury drowned him out with a chorus of laughter.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

It Should Be Made a Place of Beauty Instead of for Cast-Off Furniture.

If there be any room in the house which is destined to receive the overflow of furniture, broken and mismatched odds and ends, you may depend upon it that room is the nursery or "children's room," says the San Francisco Chronicle.

Many mothers wonder why their little sons and daughters are so fond of running the streets, preferring always to be out of the house and away from home. Exercise in the open air is the best exercise, but everything can be overdone, and the children should be taught that some part of each day must be spent indoors.

It does not always occur to parents that the simplest explanation of their children's desire to be forever on the go is because they have no place at home sufficiently attractive to hold them there.

The nursery should be made a place of beauty to the little ones. Instead of half-worn and cast-off furniture it should be furnished with an entirely new set. Oak furniture is never expensive, and is bright and cheerful in a living room.

One of the prettiest adjuncts to a child's room is a picture screen. Make the screen of plain blue or red denim on a light wood frame and fasten the pictures on it with small brass paper clamps. Every child has its own collection of photographs and picture cards, and when these are arranged artistically the effect is dainty.

A toy closet with ample shelf room is another requisite of the nursery. The children should be taught that this closet must be kept in order or it will soon show an accumulation of litter. A weekly renovating will keep it fairly clean.

If there be cushions in the nursery they should have good strong covers of denim fastened on by buttons and button holes so that they can be readily removed and laundered when soiled.

The draperies for the small toilet tables, curtains, etc., should be of fine white muslin, capable of enduring innumerable washings. It is well to have two sets if possible, so that they may be changed every week or so and kept in spotless cleanliness.

There is no color so valuable in decoration as blue, nor one from which so many schemes may be evolved. For a sunny room blue may be used entirely, as far as wall papers, carpets or draperies are concerned, or blue and green.

A blue and green room looks best with green stained furniture, and is more appropriate for a library or bedroom, but as this furniture is found sometimes in dining-rooms and halls it may be used there also. For a hall blue "Delamere" paper lends itself well to a blue and green scheme, but the green must be carefully chosen, as far as curtains are concerned.

An artistic though inexpensive dining-room for a small house can be well carried out in blue and green. As there will be but little space the walls may be painted in pale blue, and the woodwork should be in a deeper shade.

COULD SEE NO WAY OUT.

Management of the Lunch Room Had Made Provisions for Collecting All Checks.

The man with the retreating forehead walked into the bakery lunch joint just as if he intended to "hang up" his check and climbed on a stool in a scared way, says the Chicago Chronicle. The polite Ethiopian wiped off a little spot in front of the customer, spread out his hands on the counter and said:

"What'll be yours?"

"Whatever I get," said the man with the retreating forehead. The waiter blinked as if he did not belong to the Repartee club, and was dazed by the persiflage.

"I mean what do you want?" asked the waiter meekly.

"It would take too long to tell you," said the man with the Aztec make-up, glancing down at his misfits. "I will reveal part of the secret, though."

"Which is those?" asked the waiter, bending an attentive ear.

"I would the deadly cocoanut and the unostentatious gob of fresh dairy milk."

They were placed before him, and he hid them in a manner showing habits of promptness. He received a yellow check for ten.

"What do I do with this?" he asked, looking at it curiously.

"Well, most people hand it to the blonde near the door, there, and she makes the change. You might keep it for a souvenir," said the waiter, who was not busy and had time to be sarcastic. The man with the retreating forehead sighed and picked up the check.

"Is there no escape?" he asked.

"There is a rush exit at the side, there, but it is guarded," explained the waiter. Seeing what he was up against, the man with the reluctant brow sighed again, mingled with the crowd near the blonde person and gave her his last dime, after which he went away thoughtfully.

Strawberry Marmalade.

Rub four quarts of well-cleaned strawberries through a sieve, one fine enough to retain the seeds. Put the pulp in a kettle over the fire and boil till reduced to one-half. At the same time put three pounds of sugar with one and a half cupfuls water over the fire and boil until when a little is dropped in cold water and on taking it up between the fingers it can be rolled into a ball; add the sugar to the fruit; stir; remove all scum, and boil till a drop on a plate will retain the shape of a bead; then fill in small glass jars and cover when cold.—Housekeeper.

IN SOME OF OUR BIG CITIES.

Of the 285,056 buildings in Philadelphia, 258,685 are dwellings.

Los Angeles, Cal., has added several bicycle patrolmen to its police force.

New Orleans has an ice war, and ice is sold at eight cents a hundred pounds at the factory.

Philadelphia policemen carry canes with curved handles. They are sometimes used in reaching for escaping lawbreakers.

Boston has an ordinance restricting the height of buildings, which has recently been put to the test and sustained by the courts.

In New Haven, Conn., it has just been decided by a court that a man who asks another for a chew of tobacco cannot be held on a charge of begging.

The city council of Savannah has adopted an ordinance requiring everybody to be vaccinated who has not been vaccinated within seven years.

The municipal democracy of Reading, Pa., has made a regulation to the effect that any candidate who is found guilty of treating to secure his election shall be removed.

Key West depends upon the rainfall for all her drinking water. There is no other source of supply for fresh water. Two futile attempts to find artesian well water have been made.

A vagrant lad was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for some misdemeanor, and in response to the questions of the police justice declared that he was 14 years of age and an orphan. "How long have your parents been dead?" asked the sympathetic justice. "Over 20 years," was the prompt reply of the little liar.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

There is one church for every 387 persons in the United States.

Twenty-four million people attend church every Sunday in the United States.

The contributions of the Reformed church in America for foreign missions the past year was $156,843.58.

Among the late additions to the faculty of Yale is John W. Foster, formerly secretary of state, who has been chosen Storrs' lecturer for next year.

The Stearns musical collection in the University of Michigan general library consists of 345 bound volumes and about 1,400 musical scores.

In 1882 the Chicago schools got 30 per cent. of the total tax levy. The corporate interests of the city got 79 per cent. In 1899 the schools got 60 per cent. and the city 40. The cost of teaching one pupil one year has jumped from $16.51 in 1882 to $28.73 in 1899. The number of pupils to each teacher has decreased 18 per cent. The increase in salaries among teachers and city employes has been in practically the same ratio.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's fingerprint in flower and field and snowflake.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness, and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird and tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonors God or his mother.—Household.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, June 23.

CATTLE—Common ..	$4 00	@	4 50
Select butchers	5 00	@	5 10
CALVES—Extras	6 75	@	7 00
HOGS—Select packers	5 40	@	5 45
Mixed packers	5 25	@	5 35
SHEEP—Choice	4 00	@	4 35
LAMBS—Extra	6 50	@	6 65
FLOUR—Spring pat..	4 25	@	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red...		@	89
CORN—No. 2 mixed..		@	45
OATS—No. 2 mixed..		@	26
RYE—No. 2		@	64
HAY—Choice timothy		@	14 75
MESS PORK		@	13 10
LARD		@	6 90
BUTTER—Ch. dairy..		@	14
Choice creamery ...		@	21
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	5 00	@	5 50
POTATOES—Per brl..	1 40	@	1 50
TOBACCO—New	1 05	@	17 50
Old	4 00	@	14 75

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 20	@	4 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red...		@	89½
No. 3 spring.....	83	@	85
CORN—No. 2	42½	@	42¾
OATS—No. 2	26	@	26⅛
RYE—No. 2		@	61½
PORK—Mess 11	55	@	12 70
LARD—Steam	6 95	@	7 07½

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25	@	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red..		@	95½
CORN—No. 2 mixed..		@	48½
OATS—No. 2 mixed..		@	28
RYE		@	68
PORK—Mess ..... .13	00	@	13 50
LARD—Steam		@	7 40

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—No. 2 red...		@	83½
Southern	75	@	90
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	46¾	@	46⅞
OATS—No. 2 mixed..	27½	@	28
CATTLE—First qual..	5 10	@	5 35
HOGS—Western	5 70	@	5 80

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red...		@	83
CORN—No. 2 mixed..		@	43
OATS—No. 2 mixed..		@	25

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red...		@	75
CORN—Mixed		@	46½
OATS—Mixed		@	25
PORK—Mess		@	12 00
LARD—Steam		@	6 75